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THE Town-Misses DECLARATION AND APOLOGY;

OR, AN

ANSWER to the CHARACTER OF A

TOWN-MISSE.

LONDON,
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The Town-Misses MANIFESTO.

IT was with no small Resentment and Indignation, that we received that Saucy Pamplet, pretending to be our Character; and fairly promised our selves that right from some of our Ingenious Gallants Generosity, That they would long ere this have Vindicated our Honour from those Aspertions; But it seems the Romance-Hero's, that were wont to justifye all their Ladies Quarrels at sharps, are grown out of Fashion: And the *Wits*, and the *Bravo's*, that used to wait on us to the *Theatre*, in *shamoy* Breeches, and Coats all lin'd with dreadful Red; Swearing they would Depopulate whole Nations on the least of our Commands; are now retired into the Country to sleep quietly with their fore-Fathers, or Kiss Farmers Daughters and Milk-Wenches.

Wherefore finding that they have thus unworthy deserted us; or at least, That they have no more Ink left in their Pens for our Service: We are now resolv'd to be our own Advocate; Tis not the first time that we have ventur'd to make our selves *Publick*, & if our Rhetoric should prove too weak to make good our Cause, we have other Charms that we well know are Irresistable.

We shall Engage in any long Discourse of Marriage, because 'tis a peevish Subject; and few ever medled with it, but it brought them to the Grace of Repentance: But that a Mistress is infinitely better than a Wife; We Appeal to the Conscience of any well bred *Fashionable* Gentleman.

In truth a wife is commonly but a dull silly thing, that a Man is shackled to by the subtlety of Self-designing parts, for the Interests of a Family, and the convenience of a *Portion* and *Joynture*, you shall see 'um stand *Higgling* one with another, just as if they were to buy a Horse in *Smith-field*, and are as often Cheated as Folks are there. And therefore being conscious how little Reason either party will have to be pleased with their bargain. They dare not trust one another without Legal Fetters. *Durante vita*, for better for worse: The Consideration whereof gave Birth to that Excellent Proverb, *Knaves Marry, but honest People take one anothers words.*

The Policy of the *Romish Clergy* is not a little remarkable in this: For though they have Guilded over the Yoke of Matrimony with a Glorious Title to draw in the Laity, yet they have prudently shifted it off from their own Necks, and chuse rather to solace themselves with a little *Comfortable Importance* in private.

Tis the Union of Hearts, and sympathising of Affections,

not

not the joyning of hands, or the Wedding Ring, that indeed makes a Marriage; And a Miſs ſupplyes all the pleaſures of Matrimony without the ungrateful nauſeating Circumſtances of it.

Nor is it any New or upſtart Practice; we know the Conveniency of *Concubines* was uſed in the very Primitive Ages: And the good VVives were in thoſe Golden days ſo obedient and well *Condition'd*, as not to whimper or have their Noſes Swell at it. *Solon* the great Law maker, and one of *The Seven Wiſe Maſters*; is Recorded to have highly favour'd the Trade. And *Ariſtotle* (the *Pope* of *Philoſophers*) kept one Madam *Hermia*, to whom he built *Altars* and offered *Sacrifice*: *Socrates* the greateſt *Virtuoſo* of his time, had *Aſpaſia* his Wench, as well as that Damn'd Scold *Zantippe* his Wife; and yet we never read that ſhe durſt ſo much as ſlit her Noſe, or pluck off her Head-gear.

Thoſe that the ſcurrilous Vulgar have Branded with the Ignominious Titles, as *Illegitimate*, 'tis known have proved the greateſt Hero's in the World, and every Novice in Phyſick, can give you two and twenty Reaſons why it ſhould prove generally ſo. A Miſtreſs is always freſh and ſparkling, like a Glaſs of neat *Canary*, never unacceptable: But a Wife like Wine, that has ſtood in Company till tis Pal'd, taſts flat and nauſeous upon the Palat. In the firſt there is Humour and Inclination, which renders her Careſſes more ſprightly and agreeable; The laſt exacts it as a Drudgery due from her Husband, and rather dulls than whets the Edge of his Courage with ſluggiſh and indifferent Embraces.

The *Character* would ſuggeſt to our diſhonour, that we commonly Bubble our Gallants into exceſſive Charge: Impertinent Fool! As if any man could expect to have any

Comodity

Comodity that's rare without a price proportionable. The Bloud cannot be kept up always in a full Tyde, without extraordinary Treats, and daily high Feeding: and Custome has voted it dishonourable for any Gentleman of Quality, not to maintain his Mistress in far better Equipage than his wife. If they take us Lodgings, we allow them to Lodge with us: And if they settle Annuities on us for Life, we give them possession of certain little Tenements, much more pleasant; and such as cost the Owners much more in Repair.

We defie that pittiful *Pedigree* he has drawn for us, 'Tis well known we are Illustriously descended, and educated after the best Modern manner for raising a Woman to Grandeur, Dancing, Singing, Balls, Masks, Masquerades, Plays, Frolliques, Rambles, and Assignation, have been our continual business: And therefore tis not to be expected that we should save Ends of Candle, and see that the Kitchin-stuffe be not imbezel'd. We are Votaries of pleasure, and meerly by that can command what Money we please; which we again expend as profusely, for the Gallantry of our Refined Spirits, cannot stoop to the mean Arts of Frugality, and Good House-wifry. That Frolique of one of our Sisters was very commendable, Who having a mind to a very large Bason and Ewer of *China*, acquainted her Gallant with her desires: VVho you may be sure was not so base bred as to deny her any thing. To a Shop they go, and she makes her Choice; the Fellow asks forty pounds for it, and she presently consents; but her Friend Swore he would not give so much for it. Will you not, (quoth she) But you shall: Saying which, with her Foot, she tips down both Bason and Ewer, and broke them all to pieces. And then the Civil Gentleman was forced to pay both for what she had destroy'd, and also for another as good, for her use.

Nor

Nor is our Calling leſs neceſſary than divertiſing, for we are never dull nor out of Humour; unleſs when we want a New Coach, and puts us but into a ſplendid Equipage, and our Company ſhall infalibly be an Antidote againſt Melancholly: VVe are the Delight of Society, and the very Soul of Converſation. If a Country Gentleman keep us, we teach him manners, and *Boon Mœurs*. If a Souldier, we find him occaſions enow to Signalize his Valour. And if a Poet can reach to that Pitch of Gentility, as to maintain one of us: She brings him in his Humours, and ſmart Repartees, for garniſhing his next Play; and then by certain private Civilities, Engages ſeveral of the Leading Wits to Vote in his favour, when it comes upon the Stage. In fine, Without us the Theatres would be empty; the New Exchange Bankrupted; the Spring Gardens Ruin'd: And fine Gentlemen groan under the Tyranny of VVives that are Old and ugly.

FIN.S